Grant Hart, In A Cold House

Towering above the city
The ghettos in the sky
Concrete spires of isolation
Forty stories high
Fenced in by their own suspicions
The people are afraid
Crawl inside their cages
Lock the door and pull the shade

In a cold house
In a cold city
In a cold cold cold cold world
In a cold house
In a cold city
In a cold cold cold cold world
In a cold cold world

Brightly coloured tenements
So pleasing to the eye
Glass and stainless steel enclosures
Hid what we deny
People are afraid to look
Afraid what they will see
Inside the illusion it's the same reality

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